

Sent to Syringa.

"Train's late," announced Peter Pollock.

He said it apologetically. But, for the matter of that, he always spoke in an humble manner to Mrs. Pollock—to this Mrs. Pollock. He had been domineering enough with poor, little, gentle, dove-eyed Syringa, who just two years ago had been laid to rest on the rocky slope of a desolate Nebraska prairie. The neighbors said she needed a rest if ever a person did. Even the preacher said something in his sermon about her having earned repose. People wondered how Peter had ever let her take time to die. Peter was a hard man and an unsympathetic husband, but there were some who decided that he appreciated her when she was gone. He had asked the minister several questions as to reunion after death, and when he went down to Kansas City, he had a cur of cattle it became rumored that he had visited a spiritualist in the hope of establishing communication with the little creature he had worked to be late for. Mrs. Pollock, sitting at a table, looking at the clock, working a valuable horse. But when, six months before the particular train he especially desired to catch happened to be late, he married Miss Regina, a Jewess, his fellow farmers grined and rubbed their beards and said he had met his match.

"Late!" echoed Mrs. Pollock, in a deep, throaty voice. "How late?" "I didn't think to ask, Regina." His spouse bestowed a withering look upon him. She sat on the high springs of the farm wagon, looking at him, and he stood on the platform. She was looking down upon him, so he had the advantage. It is easier to wither with a look than with a word. The person to be withered.

"Go and ask," she commanded, in the same deep tones. "He went as fast as his shuffling feet, accustomed to plodding behind plow and harrow, would carry his spare frame, prematurely bent by labor and the wear of the years, to the door. He stood on the platform. She was looking down upon him, so he had the advantage. It is easier to wither with a look than with a word. The person to be withered.

"What time does the Rock Island train leave?" "At four o'clock, a half."

"Then we got time to drive over to Narky and catch that. Climb in, Peter."

He climbed in. She told the horses skillfully out of the depot enclosure and turned their heads west on a level road, which presently turning back and crossing the railroad track, brought them to the base of the hills which marked the state line and divided Nebraska from Kansas.

It was a glorious midwinter day—the kind of day that the birds on the plains. Around the rolling plains stretched, measureless, magnificent. The air was so clear one could see the kind of greenery which the prairie has, along the bluffs many miles away. There were fields of tawny cornstalks and fields where water wheat gleamed emerald green. The prairie was a flood, where the wild ducks came to feed, was brimming and purple. And overhead was a sky of infinite beauty, blue and foam-flecked as a sky of June.

"What," demanded Peter, "what did you suddenly that Peter jumped, 'what did you see?'"

"You did. What's more, I often catch you a-sighing. And I don't like it. You used to be as jolly a man as there was in Thayer county. Now when you ain't a-sighing your's old wife, I think of me think of our old windmill that keeps a-creaking and a-creaking. I've heard tell of that fool trick you done some time when you was down to Kansas City."

She turned in the seat and looked sternly down upon him. "I don't want none of that none now, Peter Pollock."

"What fool trick?" demanded Peter, faintly.

"You know right well. Going to see them spiritualists to try to see Syringa. I'm going to see them, I tell you, though I will say that a man with as much sense as a settler has got out with to know better. But now it's me that's your husband, and I won't have you philosophizing after another woman, dead or alive."

"Very well, Regina."

"You promise you won't go a-hunting her ghost around?"

"I promise."

"And you can let the live ones be, too. I don't hold that it helps a man's character to go to the place they call theaters, where shamless huskies play and sing and dance worse'n that wicked girl before King Herod. When you have settled about the mortgage and got me a dress pattern, and attended to them other little things I told you of, you come straight home. This here's Monday. You said you'd be here for to-morrow night, but I'll look for you Wednesday at the latest. You've got \$10 over and above your ticket. You can tell me what you done with every quarter of it when you come back. There's no call for you to have your hair cut at the barber's. I can do it and save the price. And I don't need to buy peanuts. It's awful wasteful to chaw up a quarter of a bushel of corn in five cents' worth of peanuts. You hear?"

"Oh, yes, I hear."

"And you'll let the women alone—both kinds? Say 'So help me.'"

"I will," panted Peter. "I will—so help me."

It was Mrs. Pollock now who sighed—a sigh of satisfaction. Her grim mouth relaxed at the corners. As near an answer to a smile as she ever permitted herself. She held him out the reins. "Here, you may drive a bit," she said.

Peter meekly and joyfully grasped the extended leather lines, and was good to feel his grip on the leather, good to feel the answering concession or resistance of the broken ahead, good to be able to curb or urge as the fancy of the moment possessed him.

If Regina had the face of an Indian she also had the hearing.

"Train's coming," she declared. "I heard it. It's a long way off—a road twelve miles it must be to that station where it hits. We don't want to miss two trains in one day."

Peter pushed them. A gratitude for permission swept over him like a flood. He leaned forward. He shouted at the animals.

"Get up, Gyp! Get up, Nannie!"

The road was high, level, hard as iron. The farm horses sped over it at a fine rate, the clumsy wagon reeling at their heels. In the distance, against the azure expanse, a faint trail of smoke—clouds, faint and fainter. Then they were rumbling up the street of the little, new, ugly Kansas town, and the express was sweeping down the glittering rails away to the west. Peter jumped down as they reached the platform.

It ain't worth while to get down, Regina. I never thought of doing so, Peter. Look out the train don't scare. You be afraid, Peter, when I got the line. Well, good-by, Regina. Good-by. You'd better hustle for

your ticket. And don't forget what I told you."

Peter wasn't likely to forget. He found himself in a serious and unpleasant situation as the train bore him eastward. He had told Regina a lie about the necessity for going to Kansas City. There was no particular need to attend to the mortgage just then. He had made a mistake in the matter in the chief city in Missouri on a certain day was important and imperative. He had cherished a sneaking determination to have another "split" interview with Syringa, to tell her that what was Peter's secret. Anyhow, when he found himself in a position from which he could not recede, and in which his menacity had placed him, he had been obliged to abstain from the one enthralling enticement which was drawing him to a larger town than that of Bubble. Not that that annoyed him. The footlights held no fascination for a man tortured by self-accusation and hounded by remorse. To be shut out from the audience of a cur of cattle was no deprivation, but to have spooks also denied to him was a sad blow.

He pulled at his stubby beard and stared out of the window as the train sped on. He was a man of his word. He had never broken his word. He would not do it now. But how, apart from Regina's few commissions, should he spend his time in the big place to which he was speeding? And then the needless expense of this wholly unnecessary journey!

He spent the night in a cheap lodging house opposite the depot. The next morning he went up to the town, executed Regina's commissions, and hung around the window wherein the clairvoyant's sign was displayed until it was time to catch his train. He went straight back to Bubble, and alighted in the clear yellow light of a wonderful January sunset—the only passenger from the east.

"Caught your train on the Rock Island, did you?" asked the agent, shouldering a mail bag, and a pleasant trip? That's good. Cheers one up to get away from home and see the sights in a while. News? No, none I've heard unless about Mrs. Cicero Morrison. She had a turn for the worse, and Eldridge has given her up. Says she can't live the night out. Your team ain't here, I see. Guess Mrs. Pollock wasn't looking for you so soon."

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ding. He wishes he'd got a girl to help you during the thrashing. He wishes he'd done more of the milking himself, and had let you have the butter and eggs money. He's a-thinkin' all the time of how sweet you was when you married him, and come out from the millinery shop on to the farm. He remembers how white your hands was, and what pretty clothes you had—ribbons, and such like. And he keeps remembering, too, how you got to look so thin, and sad, and stooped—and O, how awful hard-worked your pretty hands looked when they were crossed on your breast in the coffin. And—and," his voice broke, and he gulped, "he'd like you to know that he's sorry—sorry—and that if he could only live them on years over again things would be different—O, so different!"

"Again there was silence in the room. 'Do you understand all I said, Mrs. Cicero? If you do, move your hand.' The fingers on the covert moved restlessly.

"That's right, I'm thankful to you, Mrs. Cicero. I don't think I can tell her that, I know, and if she seems hurt about my—about my gettin' married again, why—just tell her she can't feel any worse about it than I do."

"The hand on the bed opened and shut. 'Tell her I wanted one to look after the young calves, and the milk, and all the rest of it. I don't think I'm gettin' one that wouldn't let me call my own, but that's just what happened to me—and served me right for an old fool. Tell her I caught a Tartar, Mrs. Cicero—don't you speak, Mrs. Cicero? No? I thought you said something. Well, I'm gettin' my punishment good and hard. Tell her an angel out of heaven couldn't live peaceable with the kind of a wife I got now, nagging, cantankerous, small as ground spick, and blither as green gooseberries.'"

"The hand on the bed opened and clutched convulsively. Peter Pollock rose with a sigh of relief. 'You're awful good to take these messages for me, Mrs. Cicero. Tell her, too, that I'm going to sell a lot of hogs that I got in partnership with Dick Howard. She—that pison Ivy I married—don't know a thing about them, and she'll never guess where the money come from when the finest timestone that ever was planted in the bubble cemetery goes up over Syringa's grave. I'm going now, and my heart's best thanks to you. I wish I could do something in return. There ain't much I can do. I'll go to your funeral in a carriage, Mrs. Cicero, and I'll send in some of the cuttin's off my lilac bushes to be set out in your lot. Good-by, and my dear love to Syringa.'"

He met no one as he stole out, escaped from the vicinity of the house, and started to walk home. He had to pass through town to reach his farm in the north. As he walked up the main street he noticed that the door of the furniture shop was open and that the drayman and Mr. McLellan, the undertaker, were lifting a pine box into a wagon.

"Private," Mrs. Morrison commonly called Mrs. Cicero to distinguish her from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sam Morrison—was dying. Why not send by her a message to Syringa? He had heard that the dead things being done. He felt confident the message would be delivered. He felt jubilant that he had not delayed in Kansas City. Some merciful power must have impelled him to hasten home at last before it would be too late to deliver to the living a message for the dead. And Regina had not expected him, or she would either have come herself or have sent the chore boy with a letter. He felt he could not have settled matters more satisfactorily himself than some remote and beneficent power had done.

"What's the matter with you, Pollock?" the drayman questioned. "Ain't you feelin' good?"

"She—she moved her hand!" blurted Peter. McLellan turned from his congenial task to peer at the speaker. The drayman grinned as he lifted the hitching wheel into the wagon.

"Aw, he's been to Kansas City, and he's come home rocky. They all sit full when they go there."

"But he's a prohibitionist!" protested the undertaker in a shocked undertone. "Prohibitionist nawthin'! They all sit full when they go to Kansas City, I tell you. Hi, there, you Jenny!"

Peter Pollock made his way home—how, he never precisely knew. He remembered afterward thinking that the road was rough and he staggered several times, as if indeed there had been some foundation for the suspicion of the drayman. All he could think of was the terrible quiet figure on the bed—all he could see was the hand that had moved, but not once but several times. There was no light in his house when he reached it. He reached the kitchen and lit a lamp. Evidently the chore boy had got the lamp light, and afterward gone to bed. Pollock sat down in the cold, bare room and leaned his head on his hands. A house wasn't of much account without a woman in it, and Regina was not a woman, and afterward gone to bed. Pollock sat down in the cold, bare room and leaned his head on his hands. A house wasn't of much account without a woman in it, and Regina was not a woman, and afterward gone to bed.

"The feeling of light-headedness now of after awhile, and despite his unaccustomed experience Mr. Pollock became aware that he was hungry. If Regina were there she would fry him a slice of ham and make him a cup of coffee that would cause him to feel like giving a whole dollar to the collection for the missionary society. Syringa was sweet—sweet, but there never was a better cook than Regina. It was 9 o'clock—it was 10 o'clock. The hunger for Mr. Pollock grew the more he appreciated the domestic virtues and culinary acquirements of his wife. By the way, where was his wife? Where was Regina?

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SOWING THE WIND.

Improper Treatment of Catarrh or Neglect of It Invites Trouble.
Mr. J. W. ORP'S EXPERIENCE.



is an enemy always in our midst. It waylays our footsteps. It nagges us; it irritates us; then it changes its name and kills us. Four-fifths of our people have catarrh. Some have it mildly, some severely. Many struggle against it; others neglect it, but ignoring catarrh or treating it improperly is piling up trouble.

Pe-ru-na attacks catarrh in its stronghold—the mucous membranes—and literally drives it out. Dr. Hartmann, the originator of Pe-ru-na, has been curing catarrh for many years, and he does it with Pe-ru-na.

The universal experience with the use of Pe-ru-na is that expelling the catarrh builds up the system and benefits the general health. Mr. J. W. Orp, Quannah, Texas, had chronic catarrh of twenty years' standing. Pe-ru-na cured him completely. Here is his letter:

Dr. S. B. Hartmann, Columbus, O.

DEAR SIR:—I was afflicted with a case of chronic catarrh of twenty years' standing. I had been partially deaf on the left side for twelve years. Six months ago I had to be propped up in bed at night and lie on my side for fear of choking. I did not think I could be cured. I began taking Pe-ru-na, however, and now believe myself to be thoroughly cured. My breathing is perfectly free and easy, and I cannot too highly recommend your remedies, Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin. The catarrh does not, in the slightest degree, seem to affect me now.

Catarrh must be attacked vigorously and intelligently or it can never be cured. To treat catarrh properly it must be understood.

Dr. Hartmann's books on catarrhal diseases are mailed free on application to the Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin Co., Columbus, O. They remove the mystery that surrounds the subject of catarrh, and are written in a common-sense vein that all may understand. Special book for women, called "Health and Beauty," mailed to women only. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

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and the purring of the cat behind the stove.

"Regina," he faltered at length.

"Well?" The voice was hard and his heart sank. But the coffee had put pluck into him. So he said resolutely, "I'm dreadfully sorry."

The second Mrs. Pollock wheeled around and stood leaning against the kitchen table, both hands gripping it behind her back.

"So am I. Syringa was as sweet a little soul as ever drew breath. She was the only body that came and nursed me when I had diphtheria and there wasn't another person who would come nigh me. I even how you misused her and I was sorry for her—like other folks was. I married you when you asked me because I wanted a house and my own, and I allus thought I'd like to have 'Mrs.' cut on my gravestone. It looks more respectful and as if some man had wanted you. But I had got the sorrow for that poor little thing out of my head, and not having any particular love for you I made up my mind I'd see who was tyrant this time. I was. I don't think I was as bad as you made me out, and I don't think you were as good as yourself, so maybe I was. And if I was I'm sorry for it. If you'll call it quits and begin again I'll be as good wife to you as I know how to be, Peter Pollock."

He rose, touched, changed, entreating. In his hard old eyes was "something that felt like tears."

"Oh, I will, Regina. I will! You call it quits, too, and I will!"

So it was to infer that the message sent to Syringa was never delivered in the celestial world.

ALL ABOUT RIPLEY.

A Correspondent Gives the Jackson County Seat a Send-Off—How to Get There—Two Big Families—A Novel Case in Court.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

SIR:—The county seat of Jackson county is an interesting point. The town of Ripley is not unlike a great many other towns in West Virginia, but there are very few towns of, say, 600 inhabitants where more business is done or where a more energetic lot of business men are found.

Ripley is situated on Mill creek, twelve miles from the Ohio river, and the citizens communicate with the outside world principally by means of the Ripley and Mill Creek Valley railway. This is a branch of the Ohio River railroad and they run three trains a day each way, made up of passengers, express, mail, ties and almost everything else you can think of.

The distance is twelve miles and for fifty-five cents they take passengers the entire distance in about an hour, unless the train tumbles over an embankment, which it does at not infrequent intervals. However, the only inconvenience in riding the line is the delay. No one is ever hurt. In fact they tell me that not long ago the coach rolled down a bank, turning over twice and a woman holding a babe in her arms crawled out of the wreck with the infant still sleeping peacefully.

Ripley was originally owned by William Parsons, and his descendants are the present owners. In fact, if you took the Parsons family and the Gansons out of the county, there wouldn't be enough people left to summon a jury. There are 350 voters named Gans in the county, and 350 named Parsons. The Parsons family, if you take them out, would leave the county with a very small population. If he hesitates just say, "Beg pardon, Mr. Parsons, I mean, you are pretty sure to be right that time."

The town was laid out by Jacob Starcher, who also donated the public square for a court house when it became the county seat in 1823. The town takes its name from Harry Ripley, a young man who met a very strange girl in Mill creek while going to claim his bride, having his marriage license in his pocket.

Ripley is the centre of a big business. Her three mercantile houses, the Carson Store company, D. J. Morrison and Starcher Bros., are up-to-date, use printer's ink liberally and draw trade from forty miles around.

I met Sheriff Shinn. The sheriff won quite a bit of notoriety as the executioner of John Morgan last December a year ago, for the brutal murder of the family. His experience was but \$500, the lightest, it is claimed, ever made for such service. Mr. Shinn is one of the best posted men in the county. He even the financial affairs were never better. The people of the county are generally prosperous and not a few farmers have money to loan. He says money is very plentiful. He knows of several good investments at 2 per cent, and time loans are frequent at 6 per cent. He says 3,000,000 staves and fully a quarter of a million ties will be marketed at Ripley this season.

Circuit court was in session, with Judge Reese Blizard on the bench. Judge Blizard is very popular in Jackson county, and it is the general sentiment of the people that he deserves something good at the hands of the Republican party, and he will no doubt get it. The case on trial was a peculiar one. A woman named Gans married the son of a man named Gans, who was a very young man in 1837. He left her with an infant child to support. For several years he was not heard from and she supposed he was dead. Finally she married Ed. Tonnelle. After three months of married life he also left her, and now she has another babe to support. Then Bosworth reappeared. He Tonnelle and woman who had married him conspired to have her sent to the penitentiary for bigamy, thus trying to separate the mother from her children.

Prosecutor Seaman was sick and could not handle the case, but his assistant, J. M. Baker, is one of the youngest, as well as one of the most promising members of the bar. He handled the case well, assisted by E. L. Starr, who it is said, will be a candidate for the office of prosecuting attorney at the next election.

Excelsior Attorney Morris, of Wetzel county, who now lives on a farm in Jackson county, volunteered to defend the woman without charge, and did so. Circuit Judge V. S. Armstrong and O. A. Parsons, who latter is the youngest member at the bar and his argument to the jury caused a great deal of comment. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Another case which attracts a great deal of attention is that brought by the heirs of the late Henry J. Flesher. Mr. Flesher at one time owned a vast deal of property in this county, a large tract in what is now the town of Ripley included. Now his heirs claim that because of the settling aside of a will several years ago and a series of other complications, they own a fourth interest in a whole block in Ripley. Attorneys have been employed and a pretty legal fight is very likely to occur.

The newspaper fraternity at Ripley is composed of a pleasant trio. H. W. Deem, of the Herald, has long had the reputation of publishing one of the best rappers in the state, and few men have done more for the Republican party; Messrs. Woodwell and Prickett, of the Mountaineer, issue a radical Democratic organ.

gilt full when they go to Kansas City, I tell you. Hi, there, you Jenny!"

Peter Pollock made his way home—how, he never precisely knew. He remembered afterward thinking that the road was rough and he staggered several times, as if indeed there had been some foundation for the suspicion of the drayman. All he could think of was the terrible quiet figure on the bed—all he could see was the hand that had moved, but not once but several times. There was no light in his house when he reached it. He reached the kitchen and lit a lamp. Evidently the chore boy had got the lamp light, and afterward gone to bed. Pollock sat down in the cold, bare room and leaned his head on his hands. A house wasn't of much account without a woman in it, and Regina was not a woman, and afterward gone to bed.

"The feeling of light-headedness now of after awhile, and despite his unaccustomed experience Mr. Pollock became aware that he was hungry. If Regina were there she would fry him a slice of ham and make him a cup of coffee that would cause him to feel like giving a whole dollar to the collection for the missionary society. Syringa was sweet—sweet, but there never was a better cook than Regina. It was 9 o'clock—it was 10 o'clock. The hunger for Mr. Pollock grew the more he appreciated the domestic virtues and culinary acquirements of his wife. By the way, where was his wife? Where was Regina?

"What's the matter with you, Pollock?" the drayman questioned. "Ain't you feelin' good?"

"She—she moved her hand!" blurted Peter. McLellan turned from his congenial task to peer at the speaker. The drayman grinned as he lifted the hitching wheel into the wagon.

"Aw, he's been to Kansas City, and he's come home rocky. They all sit full when they go there."

"But he's a prohibitionist!" protested the undertaker in a shocked undertone. "Prohibitionist nawthin'! They all sit full when they go to Kansas City, I tell you